

**COMIC  
BOOK  
SECTION**

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## THE PROM

*December 1, 1940*

**3 COMPLETE  
STORIES**





THE GIRLS' DORMITORY OF STATE COLLEGE, NORMALLY A BEDLAM OF NOISE, IS TODAY STRANGELY QUIET AS A NUMBER OF SOPHS CROWD AROUND POPULAR ELLEN DOLAN, DAUGHTER OF THE SPIRIT'S SECRET FRIEND...THE COMMISSIONER.....



YOU MEAN YOU CAN GET HIM TO TAKE YOU TO THE PROM TONIGHT, ELLEN?

THAT'S EASY!! THE REAL JOB IS TO GET HIM UP HERE!



YOU'RE SPOOFING, ELLEN!

AM I?? WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU! ANYBODY KNOW A MEDICAL STUDENT?

WHY, YES... MY BOY-FRIEND TED.. WHY??



GOSH... JUST THINK! SHE'S GOING TO HAVE THE SPIRIT TO THE PROM!!

SHHH, GIRLS... HELLO.. POLICE HEADQUARTERS... LET ME SPEAK TO COMMISSIONER DOLAN....

DADDY...THERE'S A DEAD BODY IN MY ROOM... IT MAY BE MURDER!! I KNOW IT'S OUT OF YOUR DISTRICT, BUT IF THE LOCAL POLICE COME IN ON IT THERE'LL BE A SCANDAL.... ER..DO YOU SUPPOSE THE SPIRIT COULD...



WHY SURE, ELLEN... I'LL GET THE SPIRIT TO WORK ON IT... NOW, KEEP CALM AND DON'T TOUCH A THING TILL HE GETS THERE!



IN AN HOUR THE SPIRIT AND EBONY ARE RACING NORTH TO STATE COLLEGE BY AUTOPLANE.

CONFOUND THAT GIRL... SHE'S ALWAYS IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE!

AH MAY BE DUMB, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS... BUT FO' A GUY WOT IS PEEVED WIF' A GAL, YO' IS SHO' IN A BIG HURRY T'HELP HER!



NONSENSE, EBONY... IT'S JUST THAT. ER..WELL...I LIKE TO DO THINGS IN A HURRY!



TOWARD EVENING THE AUTO-PLANE DARTS OUT OF THE DARKENING SKY AND WITH CUT MOTOR GLIDES SILENTLY TO A GRACEFUL LANDING IN A SE-CLUDED CORNER OF THE STATE COLLEGE GROUNDS....



THE WINGS SLIDE INWARD..AND THE AUTOPLANE IS NOW AN ORDINARY-LOOKING CAR.....



LOOK AROUND THE GROUNDS, EBONY...YOU MAY PICK UP A CLUE....

YASSUH!



I HOPE THE KID'S ALL RIGHT...





OH, SPIRIT!!  
Y..YOU GOT HERE  
QUICKLY...

ELLEN!!  
IN  
HERE!



NOW, TELL  
ME...WHERE'S  
THE **BODY**?

THERE'S A  
PROM TONIGHT..  
W..WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO COME?  
WE CAN SOLVE  
THE CASE  
LATER...



NO!!  
WHERE'S  
THE **BODY**  
?

THE **BODY**??  
OH...YES...THE  
**BODY**...IN MY  
ROOM..COME...



THIS  
IS IT!  
I COVERED  
HIM WITH  
A SHEET...

WHEW! WHAT A  
MESS...ALL CUT  
UP!



HE'S BEEN DEAD A  
LONG TIME.... HE  
WASN'T SHOT....  
NO BLOW ON THE  
HEAD....HMM...  
INTERESTING!

YES!  
HEH..  
HEH..  
VERY!



HMM... LONG  
INCISIONS.. LIKE  
DOCTORS MAKE  
FOR AN AUTOPSY...  
ODD...NOT A  
SIGN OF **BLOOD**!

!GULP!  
MAYBE  
HE WAS  
**ANEMIC**!



I'D LIKE TO  
INTERVIEW  
SOME OF THE  
**MEDICAL**  
STUDENTS...  
THIS IS  
OBVIOUSLY A  
DOCTOR'S WORK!

NO!! ER...I  
MEAN DON'T YOU  
LIKE TO  
DANCE?  
HEH...HEH!  
THE  
**PROM!!**



SUDDENLY THERE IS A RAPID  
FRIGHTENED RATTLE OF THE  
DOOR KNOB...THE DOOR CREAKS  
OPEN SLOWLY....

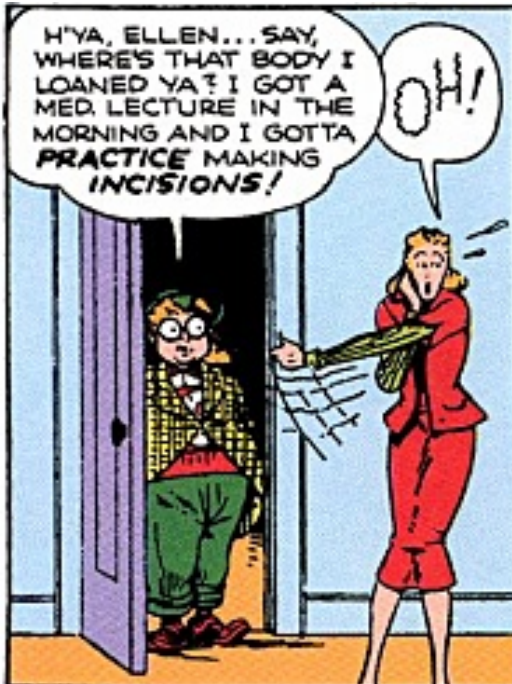
PSST! SOMEONE'S TRYING  
TO GET IN...IT MAY BE THE  
**KILLER RETURNING!**

BUT...



LET HIM IN...DON'T BE  
AFRAID... I'M HERE!







MEANWHILE INSIDE THE BUILDING...  
THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN....



EVERYONE IS AT THE PROM..THE  
BUILDING IS DESERTED.... THE  
PROFESSOR RACES DOWN THE  
CORRIDOR....









LATER....

THIS IS A CITY RADIO BULLETIN...  
FLASH... PROFESSOR VAN  
VERIKT OF STATE COLLEGE  
RAN AMUCK TONIGHT KILLING  
DEAN CROSS BEFORE HE WAS  
FINALLY CAPTURED... IT WAS  
REVEALED THAT VAN VERIKT  
WAS LONG BELIEVED INSANE...  
HAVING BEEN EXAMINED TWICE  
BY ALIENISTS... FOR FURTHER  
DETAILS READ YOUR DAILY  
PAPERS.....



WELL, THAT'S  
THAT... COME  
ON, EBONY!!

OH, SPIRIT...  
PLEASE TAKE  
ME TO THE  
PROM? I HAVE  
NO DATE, AND...  
PULEEZE??



OH, ALL RIGHT...  
BUT YOU DIDN'T  
BOAST TO THE  
GIRLS ABOUT  
BRINGING ME,  
DID YOU... I  
MEAN NO ONE  
EXPECTS ME  
THERE?

OF  
COURSE  
NOT,  
SILLY!



LOOK, GIRLS!  
ELLEN AND  
THE  
SPIRIT!!



YEEOWW!

ISN'T HE  
HANDSOME!

OOPHH!

ONE SIDE, YOU CAT!  
LET ME KISS HIM  
TOO!

WHAT  
BROAD  
SHOULDERS!

AHHH! WHEE!  
I GOT  
A PIECE  
OF HIS  
COAT!!

STOP  
PUSHING  
!!



...AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS...

YOU WANT  
POLICE  
PROTECTION?  
WHAT  
FOR?

PUFF...  
OH, DADDY...  
DON'T  
ASK ME  
NOW... JUST  
HIDE  
ME!



LOOK HERE, DOLAN... IF  
I SEE THAT DAUGHTER  
OF YOURS AGAIN, I'LL...  
GRRRRR...!



AND BACK ONCE AGAIN IN THE  
SAFETY OF WILDWOOD...

GOLLY... DOSE  
COLLEGE GALS SHO'  
DO USE LOTS O' LIPSTICK!  
TSK... TSK... JES' LOOK  
AT YO' SHIRT COLLAR  
AN' FACE! TSK... TSK!

